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No. 8.



GREGORY XVI., THE PRESENT POPE.

Born at Belluno, Sept. 18th, 1765; and named Mauro Cappellari. A Benedictine monk. Elected Pope, Feb. 2d., 1831. Crowned, Feb. 6th. Head of the Congre-

gation of Apostolic Visitation, of the Consistorial Congregation, and of the Roman and Universal Inquisition.

## POPE GREGORY XVI.

This man, a contemporary of us all, and one who has exerted much influence in our own country, is now fast approaching the end of his life; and therefore, on several accounts, claims our attention to his career. It is not his own abilities, however, or his character or deeds, that invite us to turn our minds to him, but chiefly the nature and operations, the position and prospects of that system of which he is nominally the head, and which may not long survive him. These subjects are copious: but, as we have repeatedly adverted to them, in several different aspects, we will refer our readers to the first volume of this magazine for a large amount of information illustrating the superstitions and atrocities of Rome, and some of her evil influences on learning, liberty and religion; on man, in the family, the village, the city and the nation; on our youth, by false education; on our country, by assailing the Bible—our corner-stone.

The present pope, after an uncommonly long reign, is probably near his death, being said to be the victim of a cancer. Probably we will soon hear of his departure, and the election of his successor, with a repetition of those ceremonies, in which a pope is actually worshipped, and not by his subjects alone, but by several nations also, through their ambassadors.

Here, then, is the most arrogant man on earth, who claims to be the representative, the Vicegerent of God, and to have all power over the destiny, minds and consciences of his fellow-creatures. He is the head of an army of priests, monks, nuns, Jesuits and spies, informers and persecutors, scattered in all countries on the face of the earth, each sent on a special mission, and required to perform special parts of one great plan. Every one has a part to act, which is assigned to him in particular; he goes out prepared by a careful training, and is himself noted, watched, directed and controlled, and required to report progress at regular intervals.

The system is astonishingly complex, and exceedingly difficult for an American to comprehend. We find, indeed, great difficulty in believing in its general nature and objects; because its principles, as well as its designs, are opposed to everything within our practical observation and experience, in the whole course of our education under our parental roof. Even men not particularly ardent in their admiration of our own Protestant principles and institutions, cannot easily be brought to think, that a system is in existence, regularly organized and in operation, for the express purpose of misleading mankind in the mazes of false doctrine, and constraining and terrifying them by force, in order to render them morally and intellectually the slaves of their oppressors, and aids in enslaving others.

This old man now stands the last in the list of a long dynasty of kings, who have differed from most other lines of rulers, in receiving their rank and power neither from inheritance, nor from the choice of their people, as well as in uniting supreme spiritual authority with temporal. This man, like his predecessors, pretends to be the delegate—the vicegerent of God, although, like most of them, he has led a notoriously profligate life, indulging in shameful vices, which would have put him out of American society, and into an American penitentiary. He is still habitually an intemperate drinker, and so unrighteous and oppressive a ruler, that his subjects are not only the most unhappy in Europe, but those classes of them who have any intelligence have made several daring attempts to destroy his throne forever, and to establish a government on better principles.

This is the man, who, in 1831, was threatened with such an overthrow, by 5000 men on their march for Rome, and 5000 more assembled in Corsica, to coöperate with them; and who was saved only by the ships of Austria. And this is the man who broke the capitulation made with some of his opponents by his own repre-

sentatives, and sacrificed men whom he had solemnly promised to set free.

This is the only monarch on earth whose officers are all priests, and have cut off every tie of connection with the people they govern, by living unmarried, renouncing their parents and relations, and changing their names; and are bound to their chief and to each other by awful oaths, by peculiar observances and costumes, and by every affinity of self-interest. He pretends to offer even to the Americans, a better system of education, government and religion than that which we possess; while, in his own petty domain, he teaches only falsehood and ignorance, enforces gross superstition and idolatry with a rod of iron, and sends into prison or exile every man who dares to sigh for liberty or justice. What monstrous absurdities do we daily hear! What preposterous contradictions, what unequalled paradoxes come from Rome! Bedlam itself never heard more perfect folly, stupidity or madness, than that which echoes from the Seven Hills. The successor of Peter, the poor Fisherman of Gallilee, who "left all" to follow a master whose kingdom was "not of this world," and in which he had not where to lay his head," lives in a palace, and has his hundreds of servants who do the same; has thousands in money pouring in annually, which is intercepted by favorites or paid to creditors and in wages to 6000 hired Swiss soldiers, to protect him from his own subjects; who has numerous large prisons, in which many of the best and most intelligent of the people are treated like felons of the vilest class; who employs the Jesuits, though they have been disbanded by his predecessors; who has denounced and prohibited infant-schools and railroads, and most of the good books in the world, and who has especially, and in the most deliberate and determined manner, forbidden all his *subjects*, in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and New Holland, to read, give away, lend or sell a Bible, and loaded with denunciations all who so do, above all

those who shall dare to send one into Italy, or to give one to an Italian.

Such is the man whose portrait we this week present to our readers! Such is Gregory XVI, the present pope, and we may safely venture to say, one of the very last of the popes.

It is solemn to think, while looking at such a man, how the chronicles of his life and reign would sound, if given in the simple language employed by the Hebrew historians, under the dictation of God. How dark the retrospect, how fearful the shadows of his coming doom! The mere truth, told in the fewest words, without magnifying, disguise or misrepresentation, would make out a picture of the most melancholy colors, a sentence of condemnation quite enough for any human being to endure.—A glance would be cast back through that most appalling vista in the history of man, the long, bloody and polluted line of papal kings, the leading traits of his own character would be held up to view, separated from the false glare of the pomp of this world which surrounds him in Rome, and unconcealed by the apologizing spirit of those Protestant writers, whose judgment has been weakened or perverted by false education, or the influence of ill-directed reading.

But, with the character and policy of Gregory, his conduct and his career, we have not so much concern, except in those points with which our own country is connected—and these, unhappily, are numerous. We said unhappily, because we had our mind upon the first consequences. The ultimate results, there is much reason to believe, will be good, great and lasting, and redound to the benefit of America, Italy and the world. He is the first of the popes who ever undertook extensive and systematic operations against Protestant America; and these have been carried on, with a determination, a boldness and a want of caution, which have done more than anything else to lead our countrymen to observe and study the nature of the designs of Rome.



### A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN HOWARD.

(Concluded from Vol. II., page 52.)

The motto of this book was: "O let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee."

Our narrative is now drawing to a close. Mr. Howard had intimated, in his work on Lazarettos, that he was about again to visit those regions infected with the plague. He had witnessed the fatal effects, and terrific nature of this scourge; and, believing that very little was yet known of the manner in which it was propagated, he conceived that a patient and careful investigation of the subject, in those regions where it raged, might lead to important results. He, therefore, deliberately and cheerfully made up his mind to undertake this distant and perilous enterprise. He was fully impressed with the belief that he would not live to return to his native land, and made all proper preparations accordingly. He made his will, leaving numerous legacies to his servants, tenants, poor neighbors and friends. He even had a marble tablet prepared, which he desired might be his only monument. Knowing that, according to custom, a funeral sermon would be preached at his death, by his friend and pastor Mr. Smith, he gave that gentleman particular directions, not to make it a eulogy, and exacted a solemn promise from him, that he would not enter into any particulars of his life and actions. He also requested him to take for his text, the last verse of the 17th Psalm, as being expressive of the prevailing desire of his heart: "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." He spent several days in destroying all the letters and papers in his possession, which might be of use in presenting to the public an account of his private affairs, so much did he shrink from notoriety. Happily, however, he could not lay his hands on all. Many interesting letters were in the possession of his correspondents, and were found to throw light on his valuable character, thus rendering his example doubly useful to posterity. When his old friend and pastor was expressing his concern at parting with him, from a persuasion that they would never meet again on earth, he cheerfully replied: "We shall meet in Heaven;" and, as he expected to die of the plague in Egypt, rather than elsewhere, he added: "The way to Heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London." He had intended to go alone; but, at the urgent solicitation of Thomasson, he was allowed to accompany him. Crossing over to Holland, he passed through Amsterdam, Hanover, Berlin, St. Petersburg, &c., to Moscow, from which place we have a letter containing the following: "My medical acquaintance give me but little hope of escaping the plague in Turkey; but my spirits do not at all fail me;

and, indeed, I do not look back, but would readily endure any hardship, and encounter any danger, to be an honor to my Christian profession." From Moscow, he passed through Russian Tartary, to the shores of the Black Sea; where a war with Turkey had occasioned the assembling of a large military force. Amidst the sufferings he here found, in the military and naval hospitals, the philanthropist had ample scope for the exercise of his benevolence, devoting all his powers and influence to the cause, regardless of the noisome state of the hospitals, and the malignant disorders which prevailed. These were the last prisons and hospitals to which the angel-presence of Howard was to bring relief.

And now, but one more act of disinterested benevolence remained for him to perform on earth; and to this he fell a victim. A young lady, who resided twenty miles from the town of Cherson, where he was staying, had taken the infection while on a visit to that place; and the disorder assumed an alarming appearance. Mr. Howard, having acquired the reputation of a skillful physician, by his successful treatment of patients in the hospitals, was earnestly requested to visit her. He accordingly made her two visits. A little time after, a letter was despatched to him from her family, urging him without loss of time to repeat his visit. The letter miscarried, and he did not receive it till eight days after it was written. As soon as he received it, he resolved to go immediately. The weather was cold, and the rain fell in torrents. No carriage could be readily obtained; and, rather than delay his visit, he mounted an old dray horse, and proceeded as fast as he could to the residence of the lady, whom he found in a dying state.—The malignancy of her disorder rendered the atmosphere of the room very offensive; and it was his belief, that he took the fever of her when he felt her pulse under the bed-clothes, which he did to avoid checking the perspiration in which she then was. Tired, and exhausted, as he must have been, by his cold, wet ride of twenty miles, he was less able than usual to resist the infection. The young lady died the next day, and her medical friend returned to Cherson. Two days afterwards he was unwell, and felt the symptoms of a fever. He soon considered his case as hopeless, believing he had the same disorder of which his female patient had died. His memorandums made during his illness, show his resignation to the will of God, and the perfect calmness with which he looked on death. "Death has no terror for me," he said to a friend, "it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured the subject is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live. My mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever." He next



spoke of his funeral, and of the place where he wished to be interred.

"There is a spot near the village of Dauphigny," said he, "that would suit me nicely. You know it well; for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value an old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral, nor any monument, or monumental inscription whatever to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

A feeling of sadness comes over us as we read of the end which awaited this good man. After having spent much of his life away from his friends and home, in acts of benevolence towards his fellow beings, we find him, instead of returning thither to spend the evening of his life, and finally to die amongst those he loved, departing for a distant land, and with strange faces around him, lie down to his last rest. But, in his own words—Heaven was as near to him there, as it was at London. While lying on his bed of death, he received a letter from a friend in England, who had seen his son, and thought his health improved. He was deeply affected by the intelligence, and charged Thomasson to tell his son, if ever he was restored to reason, how much and how fervently he had prayed for his happiness, during his last illness. He handed the letter to his friend, Admiral Priestman, who stood by his bed-side; and, when he had finished reading it, turned his languid head on his pillow, and said: "Is not this comfort for a dying father?"

Shortly after, on the morning of the 20th of January, 1790, he died, verifying the Scripture testimony—that "the end of the good man is peace." A long train of carriages and horsemen, and between two and three thousand persons on foot, accompanied his body to the grave; and over it was erected, instead of a sun-dial, a small brick pyramid, which is still pointed out to travellers, as a memorial, of which even the rude inhabitants of Tartary are proud. The news of Howard's death was officially announced in England as a public calamity; and his memory was honored in all possible ways. Funeral sermons were preached, statesmen, orators and poets paid their tribute to his worth, and the old project of the monument was revived, and a full length statue of the Philanthropist was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral.

But it needs no monument to perpetuate the memory of such a man as Howard. For, when the marble shall have crumbled into dust, he will live in the hearts of mankind, as one of the truest philanthropists the world has ever produced. Nay, more; can we not say, without at all detracting from what is due to many others of the world's benefactors:

He will live in the hearts of mankind, as  
THE PHILANTHROPIST OF THE WORLD!

G. A. C.

#### NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. II., PAGE 52.)

##### Consequences of his Career.

Near the close of the French Revolution, and in the time of Bonaparte, a large portion of Germany had been over-run, impoverished and in a great measure depopulated, by the armies which had for years had possession of the country; and the inhabitants who remained were left in a state of the utmost distress and want. To relieve them in some degree from their sufferings, large sums of money were raised in Great Britain, and remitted to Germany, under the superintendence of committees appointed for the purpose, and distributed among the people. In order to show the effects of war, and the desolating calamities which it produces upon countries visited by it, we copy from the London Christian Observer, several extracts from the reports of those committees, which were published in 1815.

"Extract of a letter from the Magistrates at Weissenfels, dated March 8th., 1814.—'We have just been apprised by Messrs. Frege & Co. that our town too has been named among the number of those that are to revive under the ray of British beneficence, and we hasten to express to you the sentiments of gratitude which this noble act of the British nation calls forth. Our town, indeed, has had its full share of the miseries entailed upon Saxony by the cruel mode of warfare adopted of late. The greatest part of its inhabitants have been plunged into beggary by the desolations of the last campaign. The noble gift from a country that, like a protecting angel, spreads its fostering wings over all Europe, and especially over unfortunate Germany, revives our drooping spirits, and gives us the hope of repairing our ruined prosperity, through the blessings of peace and the revival of industry. We receive the boon with emotions of gratitude not to be expressed, and in its distribution shall religiously observe the laudable views and instructions of the donors. May the benefactors of our town, whose memory will remain deeply engraven in our hearts, and in those of our descendants, receive the most glorious rewards for their benevolent action.'"

"Extract of a letter from Chr. F. Ammon, D. D., first chaplain to the Court of Saxony, dated Dresden, March, 12, 1814.

"The kingdom of Saxony contains between 3 and 4000 clergymen, who, generally speaking, distinguishing themselves by their literary attainments, their evangelical spirit, and

their loyalty. The campaign of last year has almost entirely ruined two-thirds of this class. They were at the first greatly exhausted by almost constant and most oppressive quarterings of troops; and when, in September and October last, the theatre of the war was almost entirely confined to Saxony, the clergymen (parish ministers) lost nearly everything which had been left; their harvest was consumed, their stores destroyed, their habitations plundered, their books burnt, their trees cut down and their furniture spoiled. Some worthy old men, who dared to resist the ill-treatment of their wives and daughters, were killed, and others obliged to make their escape to the forests completely stripped. After the battle near Leipsic, a nervous fever rapidly spread through the villages, which proved so destructive, that in many church-yards no room was left for the great number of corpses; deep holes were dug for them in barns and gardens. In some villages scarcely an inhabitant was left; and in the district of Dresden alone, 500 orphans are counted, in whose behalf the parish minister must make an appeal to public charity. The peasant and the citizen may, perhaps, soon procure, in some degree, the means of their subsistence; but the unfortunate clergymen are entirely impoverished, oppressed by debts, weighed down by grief and sorrow, and without prospect of income for several years to come. No class of the sufferers seems more deserving of a share in British generosity than the Saxon clergy."

Extract of an appeal to the benevolent in behalf of suffering humanity in the principality of Fulda, dated Frankfort 14th Dec., 1814.

This appeal, after stating the extreme misery endured by the Provinces of Fulda, from the continual marching and quartering of troops for the last ten years, gives the following extract of the Prussian Camp paper, No. 10, dated Frankfort on the Mayne, November 9, 1813.

"No imagination is sufficiently lively to conceive the misery spread everywhere by the flying French army on their retreat. The nearer they approach the borders of Germany, the more furious their excesses, the more relaxed their discipline. The consequences may be easily imagined. There is no need of a guide to find the road from Leipsic to Frankfort. On both sides of this long road of blood; all lies wildly mixed: broken carriages; clothing of all kinds; feathers of ripped up beds; fallen horses and dead soldiers, defamed by the torments of death.—Many lie there without a wound, having died a cruel death by fatigue and hunger; others have been rode or driven over. Most of the houses in the villages and suburbs on this road, have not only been entirely plundered, but deprived of all their timber, and reduced to shells. Many have been burnt down to

the ground; and the beautiful village Buttlar, on the Alster, is entirely in ashes. As late as the 6th of this month, the ruins of this village were yet smoking, and several Frenchmen lay half burnt under the timbers. Its inhabitants, brought to beggary in a few hours, stand there with grief imprinted on their faces, and raise in despair their hands to Heaven. Already a whole month has elapsed since those days of terror, and yet no human being, no domestic animal, no poultry, nay, not even a sparrow was to be met with; only ravens in abundance, feeding on corpses, were seen. Since then, some human beings, with the remainder of the cattle, have returned to their ruined dwellings, but both carrying within them the seeds of the most dreadful maladies. Many places in Fulda have since lost the tenth, nay, the seventh part of their population. Nothing remains but an appeal for assistance to the benevolent. Fulda builds its hopes thereon. In each place of some consequence there will easily somebody be found, who will undertake the trouble of gathering the benevolent contributions in his district, and forwarding the same to the Privy Counsellor Baron of Bibra, in Fulda, one of the undersigned. They will in due time lay before the public their documents."

First report of the Lubec Central Committee for the Exiles from Hamburg, 28th of February, 1814.

"By a publication at the head quarters of the Royal Swedish army at Kiel, of the 24th of December, 1813, Lubeck and Bremen were advised as places of refuge for the aged, the women and children, who, in consequence of the investment of Hamburg by the French, were exiled. On that same day a committee was here appointed of two senators and six citizens, who were empowered to elect other assistants among benevolent Lubeckers and Hamburgers residing here. The city being then, as it is still, much burdened with quartering of soldiers in private houses, five buildings were taken; for each of which committees of inspectors were appointed, mostly consisting of two Lubeckers and one Hamburger, under the superintendence of the general direction.. Three victualling or cooking houses were established, which furnished, since the 31st of December, 119,148 meals, and 20,285 loaves of 8 pounds each. A more pressing want, but still more difficult to accomplish, is the clothing to preserve cleanliness and warmth. Many came in tatters, or had only one shirt for their backs, and during the intense cold, many had had no covering. A clothing board was therefore instituted, with whom charitable females united. Hitherto, the commission procured, at their expense, 2318 shirts, 573 pairs of shoes and boots, 824 pairs of stocking, 300 frocks, 291 petticoats, 233 coats, 252 doublets, 275 cravats, 94 aprons, 99 nightcaps, 500 bed bolsters, 192 bed sheets,. For the many sick, a separate house with 60 beds was furnished,

and opened on the 6th of January, and afterwards another with 40 beds. The number of sick still increasing, we are planning to have a third hospital for 100 persons, as everything must be done to prevent infection from spreading. In the five general houses of relief, 3914 persons have been received.—For the exiles of the Hebrew nation, separate institutions were to be made, which their own fraternity undertook, being, however, remembered in money by the general inspection; in which manner, 34 Jewish families, consisting of 83 persons, have been provided for."

Extract from the Second Report, dated 31st of March, 1814.

"The severe weather of February and March particularly affected our exiles, mostly consisting of old people and young children.—Having already, by want and cares, by suffering and anxieties, their bodies debilitated, they were more susceptible of nervous complaints, against which all medical efforts proved fruitless. In the beginning of February we had more sick than healthy in the general receptacles, and the mortality became every day greater. To prevent infection, other measures were required, especially that of separating all the sick from the healthy. Besides the three hospitals with 300 beds, another was provided with 250 beds. For the convalescents a separate house was established. Victualling and clothing were distributed according to medical directions. In February many more Hamburgers arrived from Altona, especially Jews. Since the beginning of this year, the following number of exiles have been provided for:—In the general houses, 2881 persons; in private houses, 1197; and of the Hebrew persuasion, 312—4390.

In this account are not included a great number of such, who, after a short stay, were provided with the necessary clothes and travelling expenses to proceed further. The mortality has been, to the end of March, 673. Our only wish remains, that we may be enabled to continue our help for the most pressing wants till that much wished for period, when our guests may return in safety to their liberated city."

Translation of a letter, dated, Markranstadt, near Leipsic, 12th of March, 1814.

"Among the places which have suffered most by the events of the war, our town indisputably may be numbered foremost. In the course of the last year, its inhabitants have lost all their horned cattle, pigs, geese and fowls, the entire produce of last harvest, their stock of fuel, intended for the winter, and by the pillage on the 19th and 20th of October, all their clothes linen and ready money.

"The houses, the implements, the furniture, gates and doors, were either burnt, destroyed or dilapidated. The houses were more or less reduced to ashes; and thus, alas! all

went to ruin; consequently we remain without bread, without wood, without cattle, without seed-corn, without implements of husbandry, and without money to supply these wants.

The infectious fever, moreover, has deprived a considerable number of families of their fathers and supporters; and not only grown up persons, but very many fatherless and motherless orphans are without food, and the general misery which presses upon all alike, prevents their being provided for here, so that they are reduced to the necessity of begging their bread in the country.

(To be continued.)

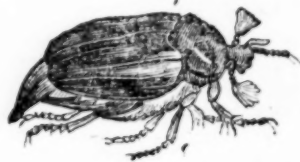
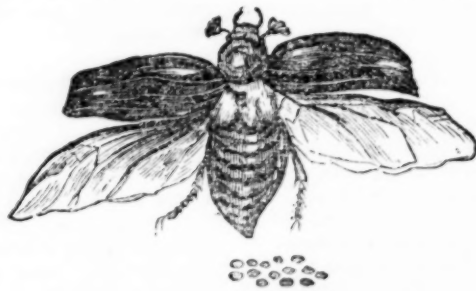
**RESOURCES OF MASSACHUSETTS.** In industry and frugality no State in the Union stands before old Massachusetts. The perfectly systematic manner in which business is there carried on, the division of labor which prevails in all branches of manufacturing industry, and the thousand little 'notions' which are annually produced, swell the product of her industry to an almost incredible amount. By returns from the assessors of several cities and towns in that State, made to the Secretary of the Commonwealth during the past year, it appears that the agricultural products of the State for the year were estimated at \$23,000,000; the whale, cod and mackerel fisheries, at \$11,900,000, and the manufacturing products at \$90,000,000—making a grand total of \$124,735,264, (one hundred and twenty-four millions, seven hundred and thirty-five thousand, two hundred and sixty-four dollars.)

In the ninety millions of manufacturing products are included the ships built during the year.

Massachusetts, however, is not only a great producing but a great consuming State. We have seen an estimate of the articles produced in other States and consumed in that State, amounting to some \$42,000,000; showing the importance of that Commonwealth, as a producing State. Such industry not only augments the wealth of the State, but increases the resources of the nation.—*National Intelligencer.*

**ENGLISH TESTIMONY OF AMERICA.**—"The Pilgrim Spirit has not fled. America is now strong in moral power, and as long as she breathes the spirit of the religion of the Pilgrims, we hope will continue, not only for the United States, but for Christendom and the world. In the great effort to compass and subjugate the world to the cross, she will press into every field of action. Her Eagle stands with unfolded pinions, ready to take her flight to the ends of the earth, and in their upward and onward passage to scatter blessings, richer and more precious than drops from the wings of the morning.—May those pinions never be folded till the world, renovated and purified, shall repose beneath the sun of eternal love."—*Lond. Chris. Exam.*





## THE COCKCHAFER.

(Continued from page 88, Vol. 2.)

After the cockchafer has crept from the ground, in its last stage, as it is here represented, that is, as one of the coleoptera, or beetles, it spends eight or nine days in a state of inactivity upon a tree. At night, however, like many other insects, it leaves its retreat, and flies about in search of food. Then it is that it commits its ravages, which are sometimes exceedingly destructive. Fortunately, they have but a short time allotted them in this state: for they die at the end of eight or nine days, as the English naturalists assure us, who have had much reason to study the habits of an insect so injurious to the farmers in their country.

The female, a day or two before her death, digs a hole in the earth about eighteen inches deep; and after depositing her eggs in it, takes her last flight to some tree, where she languishes a few hours and dies.

"It appears from a paper printed in the Philosophical Transactions for 1697, that these insects committed great ravages in particular districts in Ireland. 'These insects,' says Mr. Molineux, 'were first noticed in this kingdom in 1688. They appeared on the southeast coast of Galway, brought thither by a southwest wind, one of the most common I might almost say, trade winds of this country. From hence they penetrated into the inland parts towards Headford, about ten miles north of the town of Galway. Here and there in the adjacent country, multitudes of them appeared among the trees and hedges in the daytime, hanging by the boughs in clusters, like the bees when they swarm. In this posture they continued, with little or no

motion, during the heat of the sun; but towards evening or sunset they would all disperse or fly about, with a strange humming noise, like the beating of distant drums, and in such vast numbers, that they darkened the air for the space of two or three square miles. Persons travelling on the roads, or abroad in the fields, found it very uneasy to make their way through them, they would so beat and knock themselves against their faces in their flight, and with such force as to make the place smart, and leave a mark behind them. In a short time after their coming, they had so entirely eaten up and destroyed all the leaves of the trees for some miles around, that the whole country, though in the middle of summer, was left as bare as in the depth of winter; and the noise they made, in gnawing the leaves, made a sound much resembling the sawing of timber. They also came into the gardens, and destroyed the buds, blossoms and leaves of all the fruit trees, so that they were left perfectly naked; nay, many that were more delicate than the rest, lost their sap as well as leaves, and quite withered away, so that they never recovered again. Their multitudes spread so exceedingly, that they infested houses, and became exceedingly offensive and troublesome. Their numerous young, hatched from the eggs which they had lodged under ground, near the surface of the earth, did still more harm in their close retirement than all the flying swarms of their parents had done abroad; for this destructive brood, lying under ground, ate up the roots of corn and grass, and thus consumed the support both of man and beast. This plague was happily checked several ways. High winds and wet mizzling weather destroyed many millions of them in a day. The swine and poultry would feed and fatten on them."



THE KING-FISHER.

To those who love a rural walk, and find, in our woodland retreats, the enjoyment which the solitude of nature is so well calculated to give to a reflecting mind, the opening of spring has many pleasing anticipations to offer. Among these the prospect of the speedy return of the birds and the flowers is the chief; and it is difficult to do full justice in words, to the charm which they bring to a person of genuine taste, refined by reflection, enlightened and enlarged by science, and directed by practical piety.

The feathered visitants of our fields and groves, one which often claims our attention is that which is represented in our print, though not with the exactness which we could desire.

The King-fisher is a small and remarkably silent bird, and spends his time, from choice, in perfect peace and solitude, on the borders of our streams. He is usually found sitting motionless upon the twig of some dead branch over the water, closely observing what passes below; and now and then, without noise or preparation, makes a plunge at some small fish, often ineffectually, but apparently without vexation or discouragement.

Numberless instances might be produced of credulity (says Buffon, of the English Kingfisher) respecting this bird. It is the halcyon of the ancient naturalists, and was fabled to build its nest on the waves, during the most tranquil seasons; and hence the poets have,

in all ages, used the term halcyon days, to denote a state of peace and felicity. The fictions, which originated in pagan ignorance, have been seriously adopted by Ambrose, who tells us with superstitious simplicity, that Providence, to manifest his kindness, grants a perfect exemption from storms, during the period that this bird requires to hatch her young.

At this season of the year, one of the most appropriate and pleasing subjects to which nature invites our attention, is

*The Migration of Birds.*

We shall therefore introduce here a few remarks relating to it, from two or three works on Natural History, after urging our readers to note down the dates when they first observe birds and insects of different species, and to communicate their memoranda to some good-natured editor of their acquaintance.

"The migration of birds is a subject on which comparatively few observations have yet been made. Even the precise periods of their appearance and disappearance in different parts of Europe have not been noted with the necessary degree of attention; and until persons properly qualified shall undertake the task, we must remain contented with vague notices and unfounded conjectures. The migration of fishes, which is an equally wonderful, if not equally interesting phenomenon, is, in a great measure, placed beyond our investigation; but that of birds, being observable by any individual residing in the country, or making daily excursions to it, and suffi-

ciently acquainted with the species, might be illustrated by simultaneous exertions made at different stations along the coasts and in the interior.

The bluebird of America seems to have a power of continuous flight almost equal to that of the swallow, and among the most interesting of established facts on the subject of migration is that which makes it necessary that this bird should pass at least six hundred miles over the sea. Wilson says "Nothing is more common in Pennsylvania than to see large flocks of these birds, in spring and fall, passing at considerable heights in the air, from the south in the former, and from the north in the latter season. The Bermudas are said to lie six hundred miles from the nearest part of the continent. This seems an extraordinary flight for so small a bird; but it is a fact that it is performed. If we suppose the bluebird to fly only at the rate of a mile a minute, which is less than I have actually ascertained them to do over land, ten or twelve hours would be sufficient to accomplish the journey."

The periodical migration of the gannet affords an instance of a mixed nature. That bird arrives early in spring, and is located in four or five spots along the British coasts, of which may be mentioned the Bass Rock, Ailsa Craig and St. Kilda. In autumn the gannets leave their breeding places, and are seen along the coast of England and in the Channel. In mild winters some individuals often remain, and even the whole flock has been known to winter in their summer residence. Even when they all leave the breeding-places, many individuals do not extend their annual migration beyond the southern coast of England, but where the extreme point of the range may be, has not yet been ascertained.

In all these cases the distribution of food seems to be the principal cause of the movements of the birds; but in other cases it is clear that the rigour of the winter also acts as an exciting cause; yet it is doubtful whether cold alone be sufficient to drive birds from their northern haunts. Fieldfares and redwings, no doubt, leave the northern parts of Europe at the end of autumn, because at that period the ground begins to be covered with snow, so that they are unable any longer to procure food; but they merely shift, so as to place themselves on the limits of the storm, their object being apparently more to obtain the necessary supplies than to evade the cold. In mild and open winters they remain until late in spring; whereas, after snow has continued several weeks on the ground, it is seldom that any are to be seen. As to swallows, it is evident that the same cause operates most powerfully on them, because, as we have seen, they are capable of bearing as much cold as other small birds.

How far the migrations of birds may extend, has not, we believe, been yet settled in

any one instance with a satisfactory degree of precision. In the beginning of April the stork arrives in small flocks in Holland, where it is sure to meet with a hospitable reception, and where it returns year after year to the same chimney-top. In the beginning of August, when the young are fully fledged, it prepares for its departure, multitudes assembling from the surrounding districts, and chattering with their bills, as if in mutual congratulation. At length, on the appointed night, the whole band mount into the higher regions of the air, and pursue their southward course, until they alight among the marshes of northern Africa, and especially Egypt, where they have been seen in the winter.

On the subject of the migration of storks we may quote the following anecdote, which appeared in several public journals:

"Last year (1833) a Polish gentleman having caught a stork upon his estate near Lemburgh, put round its neck an iron collar with this inscription, 'Hæc ciconia ex Polonia,' (this stork comes from Poland,) and set it at liberty. This year the bird returned to the same spot, and was again caught by the same person. It had acquired a new collar of gold, with the inscription, 'India cum donis remittit ciconiam Polonis,' (India sends back the stork to the Poles with gifts.) The gentleman, after having shown the inscription, to his neighbors, again set the bird at liberty." It is worthy of remark, that the stork emigrates on the approach of winter, even when circumstances of food or climate cannot operate, or can operate but faintly in inducing it to do so. Thus, at Bagdad, which enjoys an extremely mild winter, and where even a slight degree of frost is not usual, the stork regularly leaves the place against the approach of that season.

In like manner the quail, which in spring is diffused over all the temperate regions of Europe, is known to betake itself, in autumn, to the coasts of Africa, and to penetrate into Arabia and Persia. Notwithstanding the smallness of their wings, they cross the Mediterranean: they wait whole weeks for a favorable wind, reposing on every small isle: hence they are taken by thousands on the Ionian isles and the coast of Asia. Should the wind change rapidly, great numbers of them perish in the sea. Swallows have been seen crossing the Mediterranean in autumn towards the African shores, but where their voyage terminates is yet unknown.

It is remarkable that all migratory birds, when detained in captivity, manifest great agitation when the period of their migration arrives, inasmuch that some of them, the quail in particular, occasionally kill themselves through their efforts to escape. This agitation is always greatest at night, proving, together with general observation, that birds generally commence their flight at that time.



**PHYSICAL NECESSITY OF THE SABBATH.**

I have been in the habit during a great many years, of considering the uses of the Sabbath, and of observing its abuses. The abuses are chiefly manifested in labor and dissipation. The use, medically speaking, is that of a day of rest. In a theological sense, it is a holy rest, providing for the introduction of new and sublimer ideas into the mind of man, preparing him for his future state. As a day of rest, I view it as a day of compensation for the inadequate restorative power of the body under continued labor and excitement. A physician always has respect to the preservation of the restorative power, because, if once this be lost, his healing office is at an end. If I show you, from the physiological view of the question, that there are provisions in the law of nature which correspond with the divine commandment, you will see from the analogy that "the Sabbath was made for man" as a necessary appointment.

A physician is anxious to preserve the balance of circulation, as necessary to the restorative power of the body. The ordinary exertions of man run down the circulation every day of his life; and the first general law of nature by which God (who is not only the giver but also the preserver and sustainer of life) prevents man destroying himself, is the alternating of day with night, that repose may succeed action. But, although the night apparently equalizes the circulation well, yet, it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence, one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect, by its repose, the animal system. You may easily determine this question, as a matter of fact by trying it on beasts of burden. Take that fine animal, the horse, and work him to the full extent of his powers every day in the week, or give him rest one day in seven, and you will soon perceive, by the superior vigor with which he performs his functions on the other six days, that this is necessary to his well-being. Man possessing a superior nature, is borne along by the very vigor of his mind, so that the injury of continual diurnal exertion and excitement on his animal system is not so immediately apparent as it is in the brute; but in the long run he breaks down more suddenly; it abridges the length of life and the vigor of his old age, which, (as to mere animal power) ought to be the object of his preservation. I consider, therefore, that in

the bountiful provision of Providence for the preservation of human life, the sabbatical appointment is not, as it has been theologically viewed, simply a precept partaking of the nature of a political institution, but it is to be numbered amongst the natural duties if the preservation of life be admitted to be a duty, and the premature destruction of it a suicidal act.

This is said simply as a physician, and without reference at all to the theological question; but if you consider further the proper effect of real Christianity—namely, peace of mind, confiding trust in God and good will to man—you will perceive in this source of renewed vigor to the mind, and through the mind to the body, an additional spring of life imparted from his higher use of the Sabbath as a holy day.

DR. FANE.

*Horses without Blinders.*—From some experience in horses, I should think it best not to trust a horse at once that has been accustomed to blinders, as he would be apt to take fright if at all skittish: but for colts I would prefer that they should see; and, once so broken to the harness, no blinders would ever be required.

A considerable number of horses are apt to be scared when they see the top of a carriage in motion, as if it were about to fall upon them; and this occurs only in those horses used to blinders. If the bridle has been lengthened in the headstall for a larger horse, when the rein is pulled it opens so that he is enabled to see through under it, and is very apt to run away.

There is also an advantage that I do not recollect to have seen mentioned. In descending a pebbly or stony hill, a horse should be enabled to see where to place his hind feet, especially if loaded with much weight. Most of the blinders used forbid this, as they fall below, as well as project above, the eye.

Very many horses have been permanently injured by placing their feet upon round or loose stones in going down hill. A saddle horse never or seldom does this, and they would if their eyes were uncovered, be as careful in harness as out of it.—*Selected.*

**HISTORICAL TRIBUTE.**

The following letter appears in the Plymouth Memorial, where it is introduced by a note from Mr. Joseph Cushman, containing the following paragraph:—

It is proposed to erect a Monument

on some suitable spot, to the memory of Robert Cushman, the Pilgrim, and one also by the grave of Elder Thomas Cushman, to his memory, and that of his wife Mary Allerton Cushman, who died in 1698, the last survivor of those who came in the Mayflower, in 1620. We propose to do this by contributions from the descendants of "our common ancestors."

The author of the letter below, we may remark, is a native of our own State, now an eloquent and acceptable minister in Boston, but whose early life was spent in Brunswick, in this county. We have many others of the name.

Boston, Feb. 24th, 1846.

TO JOSEPH CUSHMAN, ESQ.

MY DEAR NAMESAKE:

I rejoice that you have undertaken to call the attention of the descendants of our common ancestor to the debt which as citizens of this country, they owe to his memory; and that you propose to erect, by means of a contribution from them all, so far as they can be reached, a monument on the spot near the Plymouth Rock where he delivered his memorable discourse to his brother Pilgrims before his departure; and one also on that where "lyeth ye body of that precious servant of God," his son whose place of rest is the only one, I believe of the first pilgrim emigrants, which is certainly known.

We sometimes speak of "the caprices of fortune." I have often thought how strange and how *unjust*, sometimes, are the accidents of fame. How strange, how passing strange that the man who was the chief instrument in the first settlement of New England—as is clear from his being the uniformly appointed agent of the Pilgrims to the Virginia Company and to the King, whoever else was associated with him in the different missions;—the man whom Governor Bradford himself his colleague in the second mission, calls his "own right hand;" the man who first vindicated the enterprise to the world through the Press, and made the first public appeal that was ever made to the Protestant Christians of England in behalf of the religious interests of the Aborigines of America; the man who, to save the colony from the perils to which he saw it exposed, wrote and delivered, though neither Minister nor Elder, the first sermon ever published from a New England man, and the first ever written on New England soil; the man whose devotion to his "loving friends the Adventurers,"

led him, after securing with great difficulty the Mayflower and a skilful pilot for her, who had been on the American coast, to take his own passage in the rickety Speedwell; and after her third failure, to disembark to look after and share the fate of those who must be left behind; and, after he had crossed the ocean, to return and live and die not only "separate from his brethren," but separate from his only son, that he might watch over their interests near a jealous and intolerant throne;—that this man, I say, should have been overlooked by seven generations, while scarcely a fourth-rate politician has risen to bluster about "liberty" and "glory of America," whose name has not been honored and perpetuated as the appellation of some portion of its territory; is, I confess, a painful comment on the "gravitude of Republics," and the justice of posterity. While Carver and Bradford—successively his associates in negotiation, together with Standish and Winslow, and Hopkins, and I know not how many other of the first Pilgrims in humble life, have been remembered and honored in the names of towns;—while the very pilot the benefit of whose skill he surrendered has been immortalized in one of our islands; while even the loafer Billington who "slipped in" among the Pilgrims at Southampton and "was of no benefit to the colony, has been saved from merited oblivion by "Billington Sea;" and while Geography and History have been vieing with each other, and Painting has violated the truth\* in her eagerness to render homage to the fathers of the nation; the name of *Cushman*—a name to which New England and the country owe more, if we speak of generative influence, than almost any other on the page of American history—is still unborne by any country, town, island or mountain, or lake, or river, or rill in America.

All this is to be attributed to what I have called one of the accidents of fame: the injustice of which, however, is the more grievous, inasmuch as the very acts—the staying behind to take care of those who had been left, and his return to and continuance in England as the Argus of the colony—which enhanced his title to grateful remembrance, were the cause of his being thus forgotten by posterity. But he, no doubt, if cognizant of earth's affairs, is better satis-

\* I allude to the National Picture at Washington; which places Carver among its figures of the Pilgrims at the embarkation in Holland, when, in fact, he was waiting their arrival at Southampton.

fied that it should be so than you and I are. "I seek no name," said he, "though the memory of this action shall never die."

I hope it may suffice, however, that past generations have shown such tender regard to his modesty: and that, by a union of all who know his blood to be overflowing in their veins, a monument at least, standing where the ashes of his fellow pilgrims slumber, may tell to the generations following the part he bore in giving civilization, christianity, and freedom to the western world.

Any service which I can render, *beyond* my pecuniary tribute, be assured, dear Sir, I shall consider as well as an act of filial piety to give.

Yours most truly,  
ROBERT W. CUSHMAN.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss Dix.—We find in the last number of the *Christian Examiner*, an excellent article on Miss Dix's Remarks on Prisons and Prison Discipline. The writer referring to the peculiar and exalted labors of this indefatigable lady in the case of humanity, says:

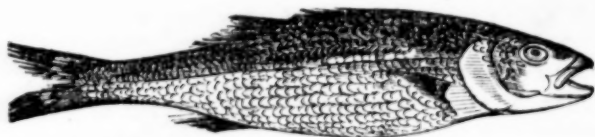
"Miss Dix's labors embrace the penitentiaries, jails, alms-houses, poor-houses and asylums for the Insane, throughout the Northern and Middle States; all of which she has visited, turning always a face of gentleness even towards crime, in the hope of comforting the unfortunate, of softening their hard lot, of sweetening the bitter cup, while she obtained such information with regard to their condition, as might when properly represented, draw towards them the attention of the public. This labor of love she has pursued earnestly, devotedly, sparing neither time nor strength, neglecting no person, however abject or lowly, frequenting the cells of all, and by word and deed seeking to strengthen their hearts. The melody of her voice still sounds in our ears, as she read in the long corridor of the Philadelphia Penitentiary a Psalm of consolation; nor will that scene be quickly effaced from the memory of any who were then present. Her Memoirs, addressed to the Legislatures of different States, have divulged a mass of facts, derived from her personal and most minute observation, particularly with regard to the treatment of the Insane, which were remarkably calculated to arouse the sensibilities of a humane people. She is in herself alone a whole Prison Discipline Society. To her various efforts may be applied, without suspicion of exaggeration, those magical words in which Burke has commemorated the kindred charity of Howard, when he says that he travelled "not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, nor the stateliness of

temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art: not to collect medals, nor to collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken and to compare and to collate the distresses of men."

When the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson was asked why so many literary men were infidels, his reply was, "Because they are ignorant of the Bible." If the question be asked why the lovers of general reading so often fail to acquaint themselves with the sacred volume, one reason that may be assigned doubtless is, they are not aware of its interesting variety.—This feature of the Bible is well illustrated by Mrs. Ellis, in the following eloquent extract of her recent work entitled the *Poetry of Life*.

"With our established ideas of beauty, grace, pathos, and sublimity, either concentrated in the minutest point or extended to the widest range, we can derive from the scriptures a fund of gratification not to be found in any other memorial of past or present time. From the worm that grovels in the dust beneath our feet, to the leviathan in the foaming deep—from the moth that corrupts the secret treasures, to the eagle that soars above the eyrie in the clouds—from the wild ass in the desert, to the lamb in the shepherd's fold—from the consuming locust, to the cattle upon a thousand hills—from the rose of Sharon to the cedar of Lebanon—from the crystal stream gushing out of the flinty rock, to the wide waters of the deluge—from the barren waste, to the fruitful vineyard and the land flowing with milk and honey—from the lonely path of the wanderer to the gathering of a mighty multitude—from the tear that falls in secret, to the din of battle and the shouts of a triumphant host—from the solitary in the wilderness, to the satrap on the throne—from the mourner clad in sackcloth, to the prince in purple robes—from the gnawing of the worm that dieth not, to the seraphic visions of the blest—from the still small voice, to the thunders of Omnipotence—from the depth of hell, to the regions of eternal glory—there is no degree of beauty or deformity, no tendency to good or evil, no shade of darkness or gleam of light, which does not come within the cognizance of the holy scripture; and, therefore, there is no conception of the mind that may not find a corresponding picture; no thirst for excellency that may not meet with its full supply; and no condition of humanity necessarily excluded from the unlimited scope of adaption and of sympathy comprehended in the language and in the spirit of the Bible."





### THE STRIPED BASS.

This excellent fish is one of the greatest favorites of the extensive and useful Perch family; and this is the season of the year when it appears in shoals along our coast, and penetrates far up many of our rivers.

We have before introduced it to our readers, (Vol. 1. page 356,) but only for the purpose of explaining a remarkable peculiarity in the structure of its eye. We could write several pages on the habits and haunts of this valuable fish, and its congeners, several of which are among the most familiar to us and our readers. The perch family is one of the most useful to man, and most widely diffused in all climates and countries. They belong to the hard-boned class of fishes, (and to that division of it which have pectoral, or side-fins, placed exactly over their ventral-fins. They are distinguished from other families of fishes which have their fins thus placed, by one or more spines in their fins; a mark which the youngest and most inexperienced fishermen are apt to be most frequently reminded of, by the wounds they are so well calculated to inflict on every thing which seizes them. The Black-fish, Green perch, Roach, Poggy, and Sea Bass, though much differing in other respects from the Striped Bass, will all be found to resemble it in the position of the fins, and in having spines. They are therefore to be set down as of the same family; and whoever has once brought his mind to make such observations, and to draw lines of distinction founded upon them, as taught by men of science, will find a new satisfaction in contemplating the animal kingdom. When he proceeds further, and learns what important internal peculiarities of structure are often indicated by external differences, he will begin to realize something of the superior intelligence and pleasure with which the scientific man looks upon the wonderful and various machinery of the animal creation around us.

The perches are almost universally active and powerful fishes, with hard and flaky flesh, both palatable, wholesome, and nutritious.

#### Our Correspondence.

*A few remarks on the Rose, by a young lady.*

It is, no doubt, known to most of your readers, that the species of the rose amount to the number of two hundred.

The species which is most familiar to us, as the Garden Rose, is *Rosa Spinosissima*, (meaning, most thorny,) called the Burnet Rose, which consists of about two hundred double and single sorts.

Probably all will agree with me in the opinion, that the Moss-Rose is the sweetest of all, its beautiful and delicate tints, so ingeniously and admirably arranged, as you must allow, most strikingly relieved by the dark and mossy green which surrounds them. How can any one deny the existence of a Supreme Being who examines His works?

Burnet says it would be as foolish to praise as to paint the rose, and, perhaps from such a notion, it might be that this flower was considered as the symbol of silence; for we are told, that the goddess Isis, and her son Harpocrates, were crowned by the ancient heathen with chaplets of roses.

He also tells us, that this plant will not bear the smoke, and that this is the cause of their not flourishing in or near large cities.—The perfume of Attar of roses is procured from the *Rosa Centifolia*, as well as rose water. The same author informs us that 6lbs. of rose leaves will make a gallon of rose water, while from 200 to 280lbs weight are required to make one ounce of the Attar.

*Dressing Wounds.*—I have heard a medical man complain of the ignorance, and even imbecility, which he meets with in many houses, in which a female cannot be found, who can or will dress a wound or blister; or who knows how to foment a limb or to apply a poultice: and that these and many other little offices, which can with most propriety be performed by a wife or a mother, are usually done by the rude and careless hands of a hired attendant. Do you think that this kind of ignorance is disgraceful in a well-educated female?

Until the moment arrives in which such knowledge is practically required, it is quite too much undervalued; and our conviction of its importance depends too much, also, upon the urgency of the case, which demands such offices, and upon the extent of our desire to alleviate the sufferings of our relatives.—*From a late English book.*

The rejection of arbitration, for the settlement of the Oregon question by our government, has excited condemnation in Europe, the ground taken being unchristian, and the expressions of the President disrespectful.

*The slaves of the Pons and the Panthea.*—The New York Colonization Society, and the managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have taken measures to relieve the pressing wants of the slaves, who have been taken into Monrovia.

*The Power of a Mosquito.*—The Pittsburgh Commercial Journal says that mosquitoes are very small insects, but one has been known to move a man weighing two hundred pounds, and keep him moving a whole night.

*Great floods* have caused severe injuries and losses of property, and even of life, in all parts of the eastern, northern, and some of the Middle States. Among the places mentioned, we have regretted to find many in which we have friends, subscribers, or correspondents. The works on the Erie Canal have been injured in several places; Albany has been flooded more than in 1822, when the river rose higher than it had done before within the memory of man; and the papers are filled with accounts of disasters to railroad lines, roads, bridges, villages, &c., much too numerous for us to name.

*A New John Gilpin.*—The Lebanon (Ohio) Star tells a good railroad anecdote. The other day, when the cars stopped, on the way to Xenia, for a moment, a countryman mounted the locomotive to see what he could learn. "In the progress of his investigation he took hold of a crank, and giving it a turn, with the speed of the wind, off sprang the locomotive, detached from the car, while all that could be heard from the unlucky wight was—*stop her! stop the thing!* But regardless of his cries on it went, whizzing and snorting, and was only arrested in its progress, at the distance of seven miles, by running off the track. No harm was done—the only inconvenience being the necessary labor and detention of getting back the truant locomotive, and the awful fright to its John Gilpin rider.

*A Feathered Patroness of the Newspapers.*—The Marion (Va.) Pioneer states that it has a subscriber, a lad eleven years of age, who pays his subscription in eggs, though having but one hen.

*Vicissitudes of Whaling.*—A letter dated Maui, Oct. 16, 1845, from on board the ship Joseph Meigs, states that while on the N. W. coast, June 8, she had a boat stove by a whale, and one man, Joseph Anken, killed, and another, Benjamin Ogden, badly hurt. The ship Golconda, of New Bedford, in May last, also had a boat stove by a whale, and two men killed, named Charles Robbins and John Montgomery. Heard that ship Huntress, Shearman, of New Bedford, put away from the ground in August, had two boats stove and two men wounded. The Golconda, on the 20th of May, in lat. 45 N. lon. 177 W., was boarded by a heavy sea, which swept away her two ice boats and did considerable other damage about the decks.—[*Bost. Post.*]

The law, to punish a destruction of, or injury to fruit and ornamental trees, is extended over the State. The penalty is, for an injury assessed at 50 cts. to \$1.—imprisonment for 30 days, and not over 60 days confinement at any event.

The law to encourage agriculture is, that when 30 or more persons meet, and elect officers, and raise \$50, then the co. Auditor is to raise an equal sum, from \$50 up to \$200, or not over half a cent tax on each inhabitant. This money is for premiums for improving soils, crops, manures, stock, implements, &c. A report is to be made annually to the State Society, or Board, of whom Benj. Ruggles, Esq. and Isaac Niswanger, of Belmont, are members. When the Belmont Society got under way, and all sails set, we shall notice, how well the agricultural ship *plows* the ocean wilderness, and surmounts the *waves* of weeds and stubble.—*Ohio Paper.*

"PETER PARLEY" held a Levee on Saturday, at the residence of Mr. Hennen, in Royal street, which will long be remembered by the host of children who were present and listened to his delightful talk. The Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Mayor, Recorder, Teachers and Pupils of the public schools, and a great number of our citizens called on Mr. Goodrich to pay their respects. Mr. G. is about to return home. The blessings of young and old accompany him.—*N. O. Pic.*

## POETRY.

## PEACE SONG.

The following Ode was written by Rev. ELMATHAN DAVIS, at a Peace Convention held in Providence, on the 27th January, in the midst of the stirring appeals which were addressed to the audience on that occasion:

Not with the flashing steel,  
Nor with the cannon's peal,  
Or stir of drum;  
But in the bonds of love  
Our white flag floats above—  
Her emblem is the dove—  
'Tis thus we come.

The laws of Christian light,  
These are our weapons bright,  
Our mighty shield;  
Christ is our leader high,  
And the broad plains which lie  
Beneath the blessed sky,  
Our battle-field.

What is that great intent,  
On which each heart is bent,  
Our hosts among?  
It is that hate may die,  
That War's red curse may fly,  
And War's high praise for aye,  
No more be sung!

That all the poor may rest,  
Beneath their own vines blest,  
In glorious peace;  
That death and hell may yield,  
And human hearts, long steeled,  
By love's pure drops unsealed,  
From warfare cease.

Oh! then, in God's great name,  
Let each pure spirit flame  
Both bright and clear;  
Stand firmly in your lot,  
Cry ye aloud, doubt not,  
Be every fear forgot—  
Christ leads us here.

So shall earth's distant lands,  
In happy, holy bands,  
One brotherhood,  
Together rise and sing,  
Gifts to one altar bring,  
And Heaven's Eternal King  
Pronounce it good.

## THE SEASONS.

The following beautiful passage is from a Poem written by GEORGE VASHON, a colored young man of Pittsburgh. They exceed any verses, says the Newark Advertiser, we have seen from a "skin not colored like our own:"—

First, SPRING came tripping on from Southern  
bowers,  
And strewed her sunny path with fragrant  
flowers,

Bade the still brook from out its torpor wake,  
And freed from icy bonds, the captive lake,  
Then smiling back upon the smiling land,  
Resigned the rule to SUMMER's warmer hand.  
Earth, in the genial change rejoicing much,  
Glowed like a picture 'neath a Guido's touch,  
And lovelier grew with each succeeding day,  
Till AUTUMN seized the sceptre and the sway.  
She, to enhance the beauty of the scene,  
Tinged with rich brown each leaflet's brilliant green,  
Cast o'er the land her sad yet lovely smile,  
Then sank beneath dread WINTER's chilling  
wile.—  
Dread Winter, who, with no kind feeling  
warm,  
Evoked, in envious rage, the blighting storm;  
And conscious, that no gift she could bestow,  
To equal Summer's, Spring's, or Autumn's  
glow,  
Blew, spitefully, her freezing breath on all,  
And strove to crush earth 'neath her snowy  
pall.

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